Department of Music
University of Alberta

In Recital

PAMELA HAUSER, soprano

assisted by

DONNA CHERRY, piano

and

SARAH CHAPUT, soprano

assisted by

CRISELDA MIREAU, piano

with

JENNIFER McALLISTER, flute

Thursday, March 11, 1993 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

PROGRAM

Pamela Hauser

What If I Speede? (c. 1600)	Robert Jones (1597-1615)
What If I Never Speede? (1603)	John Dowland (1563-1626)
If Music Be The Food of Love (1695) Music For Awhile	Henry Purcell (1659-1695) arr. Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)
Les Berceaux (1879) Rencontre (1878)	Gabriel Faurè (1845-1924)
Ziegeuner Melodien (1880) Nos. 4 and 5	Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)
O Mio Babbino Caro from Gianni Schicchi (1918) Chi Il Bel Sogno Di Doretta from La Rondine (1917)	Giacomo Puccini (1858-1927)

INTERMISSION

Jennifer McAllister

Sonate for Flute and Piano (1936) — Paul Hindemith (1895-1963)

Essay for Flute Solo (1971) — Louis Applebaum (b.1918)

Menuet and Dance of the Blessed Spirits from Orpheus (1762) — Christoph Willibald von Gluck (1714-1787)

INTERVAL - 5 minutes

Sarah Chaput

From Folksong Arrangements — Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

- Sweet Polly Oliver - Old English Tune
- At the Mid Hour of Night (Molly My Dear) - Traditional Irish
- Dear Harp of My Country (Kate Tyrrel) - Traditional Irish
- Ca' the Yowes - words by Robert Burns
- How Sweet the Answer (The Wren) - Traditional Irish
- Avenging and Bright (Crooghan a venee) - Traditional Irish

Ah, My Darling, we could grow together from The Bartered Bride — Bedřich Smetana (1824-1884)

Frühlingstraum from Die Winterreise (1827)
Du bist die Ruh (1823)
Lachen und Weinen (1823) — Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Les Berceaux/Along the Quay

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Along the quay the great ships,
bending silently with the surge,
take no thought of the cradles,
rocked by the hands of the women.

But the day of parting will come,
for it is ordained that women shall weep,
and that inquisitive men
shall try the shining horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
leaving the receding harbor,
feel their hulks restrained
by the soul of the distant cradles.

Rencontre/Meeting

J'étais triste et pensif quand je t'ai
rencontrée,
Je sens moins aujourd'hui mon obstiné
tourment;
Ô, dis-moi, serais-tu la femme inespérée,
Et le rêve idèal poursuivi vainement?
Ô, passante aux doux yeux,
serais-tu donc l'amie
Qui rendrait le bonheur
au Poète isolé,
Et vas-tu rayonner sur mon âme affermie,
Comme le ciel natal sur un cœur d'exilé!

Ta tristesse sauvage, à la mienne pareille,
Aime à voir le soleil décliner sur la mer!
Devant l'immensité ton extase
s'éveille,
Et le charme des soirs à ta belle
âme est cher;
Une mystérieuse et douce sympathie
Déja m'enchaîne à toi comme
un vivant lien,
Et mon âme frémit, par l'amour envahie,
Et mon cœur te chérit sans
te connaître bien!

I was sad and thoughtful when
I met you;
today I feel less my persistent
pain.
O tell me, could you be the unhoped-for woman
and the ideal dream, vainly pursued?
O passer-by with the sweet eyes, can you
then be the friend
who will restore happiness to the lonely
poet,
and will you shine upon my steadfast soul
as the native sky upon an exiled heart?

Your shy sadness, like mine,
loves to watch the sunset on the sea!
Faced with immensity,
your ecstasy awakens,
and the charm of the evening is dear to
your beautiful soul.
A mysterious and sweet sympathy
already binds me to you as with
a living tie,
and my soul trembles, invaded by love,
and my heart cherishes you without
knowing you well!

Ziegeuner Melodien/Gypsy Songs

Als die alte Mutter mich noch lehrte singen;
Tränen in den Wimpern, gar so oft ihr hingen.
Jetzt wo ich die Kleinen
Selber ub' in Sange,
Rieselts mir vom auge,
rieselts oft mir auf die braune Wange!

As when my old mother taught me to sing
Tears would so often fill her eyes,
So now when with my children
I myself sing over those same songs,
Tears trickle from my eyes,
And run down my brown cheeks.

Reingestimmt die Saiten
Bursche, tanz' im Kreise!
Heute froh, heute froh,
und morgen?
Trüb, trüb noch alter Weise.

Clearly tune the strings,
Young lad, dance in a circle!
Happy today, Happy today,
And tomorrow?
Sad, sad as usual.

Nächster tag' am Nile
an der Vater Tische
Reingestimmt die Saiten
in den Tanz dich mische.
Durche, tanz' im Kreise

Next day along the Nile
At your father's table,
Clearly tune the strings!
And join in the dance!
Young lad, dance in a circle!

O Mio Babbino Caro/O My Daddy Dear

O mio babbino caro, mi piace,
è bello, bello;
vo' andare in Porta Rossa
a comperar l'anello!
Sì, sì, ci voglio andare!
E se l'amassi indarno,
andrei sul Ponte Vecchio
ma per buttarmi
in Arno!
Mi struggo e mi
tormento!
O Dio, vorrei morir!
Babbo, pietà, pietà!

O my daddy dear, me he pleases,
he is handsome, handsome;
I want to go to Porta Rossa
to buy the ring!
Yes, yes, there I wish to go!
And if him I should love in vain,
I would go on the Ponte Vecchio
but for to throw myself
into the Arno!
Myself I pine away
and myself I torment!
O God, I would like to die!
Daddy, have pity, pity!

Chi Il Bel Sogno Di Doretta/What Could The Lovely Dream of Doretta Foretell

Chi il bel sogno di Doretta pote
indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai, come mai finì?
Ahime! un giorno uno studente in bocca
la bacio,
E fu quel bacio revelazione: fu la passione!
Folle amore! Folle ebbrezza!
Chi la sottil carezza d'un bacio cosi ardente
mai ridir potra?
Ah! mio sogno! Ah! mio vita!
Che importa la reccheza se alfin
e rifiorita la felicità!
O sogno dor poter
amar cosi!

What could the lovely dream of Doretta
foretell?
Her mystery, how can it be finished?
Ah yes! One day a student kissed her
on the lips,
and what the kiss revealed was passion!
Mad love! Foolish elation!
The fine caress of this ardent kiss could
never be repeated.
Ah! My dream. Ah! My life!
What is the importance of wealth, if at last
flourishes happiness!
Oh brightest dream to be capable
of love like this!

Frühlingstraum/Dream of Spring

Ich träumte von bunten Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im Mai;
Ich träumte von grünen Wiesen
Von lustigem Volgelgeschrei.

I dreamt of gay flowers
such as bloom in May;
I dreamt of green meadows,
merry calling of birds.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrien die Raben vom Dach.

Doch an den Fensterscheiben,
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter sah

Ich träumte von Lieb' um Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

Und als die Hähne krähten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume nach.

Die Augen schließ' ich wieder,
Noch schlägt da Herz so warm.
Wann grünt ihr Blätter am Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein Liebchen im Arm?

Du bist die Ruh/Repose You Are
Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug und Herz.

Kehr ein bei mir
Und schließe du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforte zu.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust!
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Dies Augenzelt,
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz

And at cock-crow,
my eyes awoke;
cold it was, and dark,
ravens croaked from the roof.

But there, on the windows,
who painted those leaves?
Are you mocking the dreamer
who saw flowers in winter?

I dreamt of love requited,
of a beautiful girl,
of caressing and kissing,
you and rapture.

And at cock-crow,
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone,
recalling my dream.

Again I close my eyes,
my heart still beats so warm.
When, leaves, will you turn green?
When shall I hold my love in my arms?

You are repose,
and gentle peace,
longing you are,
and what quiets it.

To you I dedicate,
full of joy and pain,
as a dwelling here,
my eye and heart.

Come, enter in
and close
softly behind you
the gate.

Drive other pain
from this breast.
Full be this heart
of your joy.

The temple of these eyes,
by your gleam
alone is lit,
oh fill it wholly!

Lachen und Weinen/Tears and Laughter

Lachen und Weinen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei
Grunde.
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,
Und warum ich nun weine
Bei des Abendes Scheine,
Ist mir self' nicht bewußt.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde
Ruht bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei
Grunde.
Abends weint ich vor Schmerz;
Und warum du erwachen
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,
Muß ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many
things.
In the morning I laughted for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many
things.
At evening I wept for grief;
and why you can awake
at morn with laughter,
that I must ask you, O heart.

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